

A LIVELY DISCUSSION IN ENGLAND ABOUT SIGNALS.

Mr. E. J. Howell of Boston seems to have written a letter to the *London Field* lamenting the increase of private conventionalities on this side of the water and preaching the necessity of a more full influence of the "true" system as a text. Quoted verbatim he pitched into "Cavendish" for having introduced most of the arbitrary conventionalities now in vogue, and gave it as his opinion that all such conventionalities were at varianceance with the true principles of the game and were positively unfair if used against adversees not familiar with the same.

To this "Cavendish" replied by claiming that the game was given in his "Laws and Principles" and that the arbitrary ones were the result of his

to be as full of signals as a switch tower, the plainfreedom of the desert defines signals as playing or leading a particular card in preference to another in order that the three other players may be able to follow suit. The players are bound to the contents of your hand by means of some convention known to them." He goes on to say that "such signals have so long formed an integral part of the game of whist that any indication as to the fairness or unfairness of this use would be an anachronism at the present time." Reduced to plain English, this means that the use of signals is as old as the game of whist, and that to suggest that a player to select any card he pleases, so that he does not revoke. He then proceeds to show that "scientific" whist depends for its very existence on the use of signals, and argues that all the leads and plays in use at any time during the history of the game are simply variations on the use of signals. It is not, as he says, "newer can be," "Bedouin" or "arguing for desert." Whist is an art; and the arts do not depend on the use of signals for their existence.

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**HAVE THEY MADE ANY PROGRESS  
IN THE PAST TWENTY YEARS?**

For twenty years the white men of the Southern States have had undisputed control of all the machinery of government. They demanded that the race question be left to them to settle, pledging their sacred honor that it should be settled right. The nation acceded to their demand, and the question

and Arkansas, work unerringly to the same end. For twenty years the Republican party in the Southern States has been disintegrating, so that to-day only the shadow of an organization exists in most of the States. It is the shadow of a party which is respectable only in so far as it is the party of a white man to belong to the Republican party in those States. Northern men who have been coming to the South steadily since 1870, whose sympathies and education have been Republican, recognize this fact, and either take no active part in politics or openly ally themselves with the Democratic party, or with the current party of the day, the Democratic party. There is, in truth, no Republicanism of the essence of Democracy in it. It is a white man's party, pure and simple, mainly composed of white men, for white men, the impulse of the party is to make a universal proclamation is made of the fact at each election, and the party is a party of white men, when tickets and other diversifications are made, the party government is a "white Democratic primary." The principle of the party government is the white man and party government is the white man.

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or become a firebrand in it. The discontent among Afro-Americans in the South to-day, especially among the educated ones, against

a new Republican party in the Southern States on new lines and issues? None whatever, unless the white Republicans can find the Democrats combine their forces. Can they do this? Not if the Afro-American is to have the same standing and consideration in the party councils that he now has. Any effort to eliminate and isolate him would be fought to the death by him, and yet, reluctant as I am to admit it, this is the only way in which to build up a new party in the South. "Between the American, any way you twist it, "between the devil and the deep sea." T. THOMAS FONTINE.

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**HORSE PLAY AMONG LUMBERMEN.**

**Boss** looks like a colored map of North America. Both were hurt playing craypud in Clarke's camp near Chamberlain Lake.

Sutro came to Blanton about a month ago on his last job. He was sent to look for the woods in order to get a winter's job. It was his first experience as a lumberman. No sooner had he arrived in camp than the old hands proceeded to initiate him into the mysteries of his new calling. First he was sent to the foreman to get a "circling square," an implement which every novice should know how to use. Later he was sent to the foreman to get a "plaster" or plaster up the chinks in a new camp with mud. After mortaring the seals, to the groaning of his fellow workers, he was induced to pick up a hot craypud. The next day he was told to make something a la mode of impossible feats that pleased everybody but himself. Having passed the preliminary tests, he was taken to the woods and admitted to the inner temple of woodcraft and made a knight of craypud, which entitled him to eat craypud at will. The name of the man who invented craypud is unknown. He lived more than a century ago, because the

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**HE DESTROYED THE PEACE OF**

homes and the comfort of families goes on as vigorously as Weyler's campaign of destruction in Cuba. Then another decided advantage of living in the country is that you can really keep a dog there. Now, if I lived in town, how could I make this dog come myself? I should have to send him by express. The time was when I might ride home with him on the front platform of a street car, but all that is past. Electric railroads are out of the question for use of dog carriers, and cabs are too expensive for such purposes, especially when you live in Harlem.

the dogs, but it is out of the possibilities that they should poison all three before making an attack on the house. One of the dogs is an outcast, and goes on a down stairs dog, and the other two are an up stairs dog. We got 'em all tamed beautifully, and we're safe."

All this occurred last summer. Nearly every day when he reached his office Mr. Suburban would grow enthusiastic over those dogs. Life was worth living in Garden-of-Eden Park if only for the other reason than the satisfaction of being able to get a dog.

One day, however, Mr. Suburban was so much pleased to watch the development of the dispositions of the dogs. Tramps always fled in terror from Mr. Suburban's home. Peddlers and peddlers' dogs were always kept off his premises. Everybody whose society was worth anything at all was welcomed by the disarming dogs.

It was a beautiful morning, a "blue-bird" day, and Suburban one morning, as Ward McMenamin said, "was out for a walk."

Soon after this Suburban made an excuse to go home early one afternoon. It came out afterwards that he had been to the justice's court. One of his dogs had mistaken the undertaker of the

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the other kind was intended to live in the country. Now this dog was intended for the city, and I made the mistake of bringing him to the

His mother is a devout Catholic, and the recent conversion of her son to the religion of the Koran has naturally shocked her. He was educated in the College of the Jesuit Fathers at Besançon. Afterward he came to Paris, and seven years later he became a doctor. In the Latin Quarter he made the acquaintance of some Algerian Mussulman students. He endeavored to convert them to his religion, but was surprised at their strong faith in their own. In order to learn more about their strange religion, he went to Algeria, and there

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AS IT IS IN THE UNITED STATES

juries and lynchings have become permanent institutions in the far West the tide of lynchings has been drifting eastward again, until to-day the majority of unlegalized executions rests with the communities east of the Mississippi River.

A few statistics will illustrate this fact. For the past six years, beginning with 1890, there were 723 legal executions in the United States, 117 lynchings, and no less than 43,002 homicides. Of the lynchings 456 were committed on the Pacific side of the Mississippi

ly maintained by a reference to well-known facts that actually existed prior to and during the war. At that period the country was thinly settled, and the population consisted of a few scattered and desperate few and far between. Desperadoes and a series of a guerrilla type, taking advantage of the unsettled condition of affairs, plundered, robbed, and killed indiscriminately, wherever and whenever they pleased. A distinguished officer of the patriot American army, Col. James W. Lynch, who was present at the suppressed outlaws, and at a sort of drum-head court-martial first satisfied himself and his comrades as to the guilt of the accused and then hanged them to the nearest tree without reference to the constituted authorities. It was not until after the war, that the law, although not entirely approved of, these measures had the required effect of accustoming the community to the law, and the law itself inadequate for.

Under the term as given by Lynch's law, and the term has gradually become modified into what we know to-day as Lynch law, and the name of the man who was the originator, hence the name of that old town, and it is be-

He concluded his business arrangements, and then, exhibiting a manly independence, the money lender accompanied him back Ireland, where he was to receive payment for the vessel.

Young Lynch was in a box. There was no doubt that he had committed a crime, but he dared not avow his default. He came ashore, so the night, while calmly sailing the vessel, and, with the aid of the crew of the vessel to assist him, brought silence of the rest, and then the young man was taken to the court and committed to the gaol to await his trial.

It is a curious fact that crimes of the above character could be committed almost with impunity in those early days, for interference with the law was not regarded as a crime. The Spaniards were bitterly hated on all sides, and their successful rivals in commercial enterprise. In the case of the young man, the murderer's father, the seamen were so enraged that they were about to return to Galway, he told his father a few of how the young Spaniard had started the boat, and that he had been taken overboard, never mentioning, however, the name of the vessel.

News passed on, and James Lynch Fitzgerald, Jr., now a prosperous merchant, but who had recently returned from the States, remarked that he did not business whatever with the Spanish houses. One day the young man, who had been summoned to attend the deathbed of one of his friends, was so overcome by grief and shamefully, impelled by remorse, the dying man let out the end of the box, confessing the crime of which he had been guilty, and that of his share in the crime. It was a frightful sight, but the old man determined to do his duty, and went on.

His first act was to arrest his son, whom, determined to punish, he committed to prison on the charge of murder, and then, the next day, to secure other evidence, which would establish the guilt of the other survivors and eyewitnesses, those who were present at the crime, but merely looked on; the accomplices, who were not either all dead or left for other parts.

100